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# Behold! The Man!

AND OTHER  
POEMS



By

JOHN T. PRINCE



PS 3531  
H. C. H. H.  
1918

Dec. 15, 1918

Dedication



*To the Dear Partner  
of my  
Joys and Sorrows  
this collection is affectionately dedicated*

## The Launching

(Of a Book)

My Child, forth upon the World's great sea you go,

Launched from the Dock of Memory's Fond Embrace—  
The ways are greased—"Look out below!"

A bottle breaks—of ink—*please* be an Ace!

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## Behold! The Man!

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You men who play your petty game of politics for gain,  
And strut your feeble hour of life for lucre all in vain;  
Who sell your President and those, whose smallest, meanest deed  
Looms great and grand beside the finest thing you e'er decreed;  
You men who subsidize a sheet to flay the man in power,  
You men who *run* that purchased sheet and waste each priceless hour  
In vain endeavor to discredit those, to lick whose shoes  
Were far too great an honor for even you to choose;  
You men who mouth your vaporings of rank, seditious kind,  
Be it in Senate, House, or in your own four walls confined—  
What will the Judgment be on you, when 'fore the Master's Throne  
You then endeavor to defend your "worthy" deeds alone?

Let him who stands above the throng be first to cast the stone;  
Let him who ne'er has failed in aught—and *only* him alone!  
Let him whose knowledge vast and true gives him the right sublime,  
Be he who scatheless sears the name; not he who reeks in slime  
Of pseudo-benefactor of a weak, misguided few,  
And cries his deleterious terms in every avenue!  
Vouchsafe, Oh God, that these may know, ere yet their graves they fill,  
That Woodrow Wilson stood above their spew and spray by Will  
Of Thine, who made of him the Great Man of the World!—  
Who from his quiet shoulders their vilest insults hurled;  
And know him as a noble man!—of finest human stripe,  
Who stood rock-ribbed and sturdy 'midst those of smaller type!

Thus to the world do great things come; the oak from acorn grows;  
The child becomes the brawny man; the wheat, from seed he sows;  
X is the unknown quantity—but God the answer knows!  
Doubt we the Wisdom that could place this man the world now knows,  
And lists with hushed and bated breath his every message read?  
Who in the land could better do, had he been in his stead?  
Sheathe ye the sword of bitter word, and bridle serpent tongue;  
Out to the breeze of Nature's call let Harmony be flung!  
Voice to our parent-nations across the restless sea,  
The Song of Holy Unison in true Democracy!  
And may this Child, whose birth was strife, reveal the Blessed Peace  
On Earth which angels sang—that Never-ending Peace!

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## An Appeal

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Have you heard the brutish hunger of the Hun?  
Have you heard of battles lost and battles won?  
Have you heard the plaintive cry  
Of the Belgian babes, and why  
Are the crimes of Prussia suffered to be done?  
    Oh, the wailing of the mother!  
    Oh, the wailing of that other  
    About to be a parent 'gainst her will!  
    God grant swift retribution  
    On the brutes whose rank pollution  
    Has caused their cups of bitterness to fill!

Can it be Divine Protection over France,  
With Belgium, Britain, Italy, perchance,  
All other allies too  
Has been by God taboo,  
Unspeakable offenses to advance?  
    Great Father, in compassion,  
    Deprive these beasts of passion,  
    And make them what we know true Germans are!  
    Enkindle good within them;  
    Cast out the devils in them—  
    Recall them from Inferno, whence they mar!

## An Optimistic Touch

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God bless the narrow-mindedness that forced ou Plymouth Rock  
The storm-tossed, weary voyagers of Elder Brewster's flock;  
And God please bless and favor those who drove the others out,  
To give to our America its multitudes so stout—  
Those men to whom we now look back, who fought for Freedom's birth,  
Foundation of our fighters now—our men of greater worth;  
Those valiant fellows Pershing loves to father in his night,  
Whose greatest care is "save them all, but set this wrong a-right."

God bless the House of Hanover, which forced a revolution;  
God bless old sullen George the Third, who wrought an evolution,  
Unthinkingly, unmeaningly, but none the less so surely.  
'Twas brought about for he, not we, had proven most unruly.  
God bless the land of Prussia, then—to it we owe existence;  
Our English forbears, bless their souls, put up a firm resistance.  
They taught the Hessian hirelings then that Englishmen could fight;  
Those Britishers are Yankees now—they saw the Newer Light!

God bless the kaiser and his hordes, in spite of all their deeds;  
They've roused a Force Eternal for Universal Needs!  
They've nailed the flag of Piracy hard to the galling mast  
Of God-forbidden "other gods," whose race is in the past!  
The grosser things of life expire—improper in this world,  
While noble deeds foregather 'round Freedom's flag unfurled,  
And Nations stretch their eager hands across the silver sea  
To bring about a Lasting Peace in Mighty Jubilee!

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## “Made in Germany”

There's a lot of hocus-pocus and sympathetic gush  
 About the rank pro-German, who speaks below a hush,  
 But the German thing that's honest, beyond all shade of doubt,  
 Is the “Made in Germany” stamp, which in our face they flout.  
 You may knock it as you're mind to, you may treat it with disgust,  
 But bill the kaiser's got it even on “In God We Trust.”  
 And here you find the list, which comes from out the grist  
 Of German-made “inventions,” and “they'll none of them be missed.”

There's the house of hohenzollern, which is hell's most noble rank;  
 There's the swinish, bull-necked naval dog, the Lusitania sank;  
 There's the brutal coward murderer, had Edith Cavel shot,  
 And if he doesn't go to h——l, it's because it isn't hot  
 Enough to penetrate a soul that's damned beyond contempt.  
 There's the foul, inebriated cad whose “spurlos versenkt”  
 Aroused the Southern Continent; and he whose liquid fire  
 Will burn his soul in endless pang, to soothe God's lasting ire!

There's the cur who used the poison gas to choke a human breath—  
 Consign him to the torture of a never-ending death;  
 There's Von Bissing, who in Belgium's rape set hemispheres ablaze—  
 The stubborn crown prince (devil's son)—his great delight to raze  
 The homes of helpless, aged folk—defenseless womankind,  
 And let his hired, bestial hordes complete the work behind.  
 Von Tirpitz, with his devil-boats, to drown all men inclined—  
 The bastard sneer upon his face, his puny soul outlined!

Von Hindenburg—he of “the line”—strategic clown is he—  
 The whole world waits his next “retreat to gain a mastery.”  
 The raids of unarmed citizens by Zeppelins, in France  
 Or England, give opportunity their record to enhance.  
 Their keen delight in poisoning wells, and wrecking orchards too,  
 Is further proof conclusive of what these fiends will do  
 To gain their own unworthy ends, and save their worthless souls—  
 They shoot their own dear flesh and blood to win their selfish goals!

No crime too great, no deed too small; they call on heaven or hell  
 As best befits their present thought—and pile out shell on shell.  
 To fire on a Red Cross train, to make of church a fort,  
 And then to desecrate that church with evil deeds, in sort—  
 In short, to stop at nothing, autocracy to save,—  
 And make of german kulture Democracy's vast grave!  
 They preach of peace at any price, from castle unto den,  
 But not a word of “Peace on Earth and All Good Will to Men.”

## “Bumptious Billy”

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In the days of long ago, ere the seeds of war to sow,  
Had the kaiser gone so everlasting deep,  
My father (rest his soul) said to me: “Now, on the whole,  
The kaiser’s going to sow what he can’t reap.  
With his tin-pot on his head, you’d think that he had led  
The arch-angelic hosts of heaven above.  
The Epitome of Ego—he’ll show his hand—then we go  
To clean the plumage of this filthy dove.”

“Bumptious Billy” is the sobriquet my daddy gave to him,  
A-many years ’fore Coghlan wrote that great immortal hymn,  
Which called down Prussian “wrath divine” upon the Adm’ral’s head,  
And bade a damned apology for what he’d truly said.  
But “me und Gott” and Bumptious Billy soon will get his fill  
Of Yankee shell, engraved so well:  
“Regards to Bumptious Bill.”

We have heard it in our sleep: “Always look before you leap,”  
But Bumptious Billy ne’er would read a sign.  
He could “whip the world with ease,” Roosevelt told him in his speech,  
And *two* Egos seemed to think the world a “shine.”  
But Barnum still is in it—“there’s one born every minute”—  
And Bumptious Billy took the gilded bait;  
He stirred a mighty rumble, set the allies all a-grumble,  
Ang Egotistic Bill has “called” too late.

Bumptious Billy, now you see the way the war-cards have been dealt  
Don’t you think you’d better quit the game, and save your worthless  
peit?

For the Allies won’t give in, you know, till VICTORY is won!—  
And Belgium’s got to be restored, before the game is done;  
And Servia, Alsace-Lorraine are charged up in the bill,  
So what th’ h——l, Bill, what th’ h——l!—

“Regards to Bumptious Bill!”

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The Witches Three.....A Figure

(Macbeth discovered as curtain rises; an apparition appears to him.)

App.—Wilhelm!      Wilhelm!      Wilhelm!      Beware Foch!

Mac.—Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks!

Here's yet another!

2nd App.—Wilhelm!      Wilhelm!      Wilhelm!

Mac.—Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

**App.**—Be bloody, bold and resolute! Laugh to scorn the power of man.

Mac.—Then live. Foch, what need I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance doubly sure,

And take a bond of Fate; thou shalt not live,

That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,

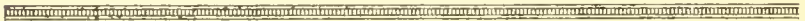
And sleep in spite of thunder!

(another apparition.)

What's this that rises like the issue of a king.

And wears upon his baby brow the round

And top of sovereignty?



App.—Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no heed  
Who chafes, who dies, nor shrieks of tortured babes!  
Wilhelm Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until  
Great Prussian Pride from Boastful Heights  
Shall know complete defeat.

Mac.—That will never be;  
Who can unsex the Hun, bid Hohenzollern  
Unfix his God-like head? Sweet bodements! good!  
Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing. Tell me (if your art  
Can tell so much), shall alien issue ever  
Reign in this domain?

App.—Seek to know no more!

Mac.—I *will* be satisfied! deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you!  
Let me know! Let me know!

Witches—Show his eyes, and grieve his heart!

Mac.—(Shielding his eyes)  
Thou'rt too much like the Spirit of Lusitania down!  
Thy martyr's crown doth sear my eye-balls; and thy hair,  
Weed-matted by the salt-sea tear, doth blear  
My eyes, choke my throat, and  
Grip my heart in giant vise!

(another apparition.)

Another! A babe!—and in its hands holds bleeding Belgium,  
As it would say: "This the all of my dear peoples left thou!"

(apparition.)

Yet another! Thou? What say'st thou?

App.—The wraith of Serbia see'st thou! I, the vision  
Of women widowed, maidens raped, youths dismembered,  
Gallants crucified to keep thee safe!  
Thou base incestuous, thou adulterate beast!  
Avaunt! nor let the stench of thy foul mind  
Pollute the air of this once beauteous world!

(another apparition.)

Mac.—And yet again? What now?

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App.—The soul composite I of millions slain,  
That thy fell purpose might be put in force!  
Soul of thine own peoples, and thy foes!  
Oh, be thou damned, inexorable dog!  
Nor earth, nor sky, nor sea, nor heaven, nor hell  
Shall e'er thy rotten soul receive!  
But till the end of God's Eternal Hereafter  
Shalt thou, thy mind and body, soul,  
Torn by the everlasting waves of sea and air,  
Review the deeds most treacherous foul which thou  
And thy brutish officed cohorts  
Have visited upon the sons of men,  
Made Brotherhood of Man a sport,  
And Fatherhood of God a bye-word for the Ages!

(another apparition.)

Mac.—What vision this which coals my sight?

App.—(Groaning.)

Oh, Wilhelm!

Mac.—Eternal God! My mother!

App.—Aye, the sorrowing giver of your life!  
Oh, that my loins had borne a ten-fold deeper curse  
Than that they visited on thee, and yet  
Had spared thee from this world!  
I had been happier far that I had borne  
A serpent, tiger, scorpion, asp,  
Than hurled thee forth to blight man-kind!  
All the devils in hell, with every vice and vicious thought  
Were hovered o'er my couch when thou  
Became a blast to wither flesh  
With thine unhallowed, withered arm!

(a Figure appears.)

Mac.—Oh, God! the Partner of my deeds!—

Must I endure yet more?

What see I now?

Fig.—No apparition I, thou fiend; nor turn thy face!

Turn, hell-hound, turn! I am Democracy!

Mac.—Of all things else, I have avoided thee!

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Fig.—I am Democracy! The soul-united, I, of  
Foch, Petain, Haig, Joffre, Pershing!  
No further words have I  
To smear a "scrap of paper!"  
Die, Militarism! Die, Prussianism!  
And live thou, as has been said, in everlasting pain,  
Through God's Eternal Long Hereafter,  
While VICTORY crowns the World,  
United by thy downfall!

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## L'Envoi

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My little song is sung—  
My little story's told;  
Mayhap I should be hung—  
Or would you rather scold?

Perhaps in some far day  
Some thought which has been writ,  
May drive a care away—  
Well!—that will help a bit.

If to the end you've read,  
Nor found a worthy thought,  
Please lay the blame not on my head  
But him of whom you bought.

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"All Out!"

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